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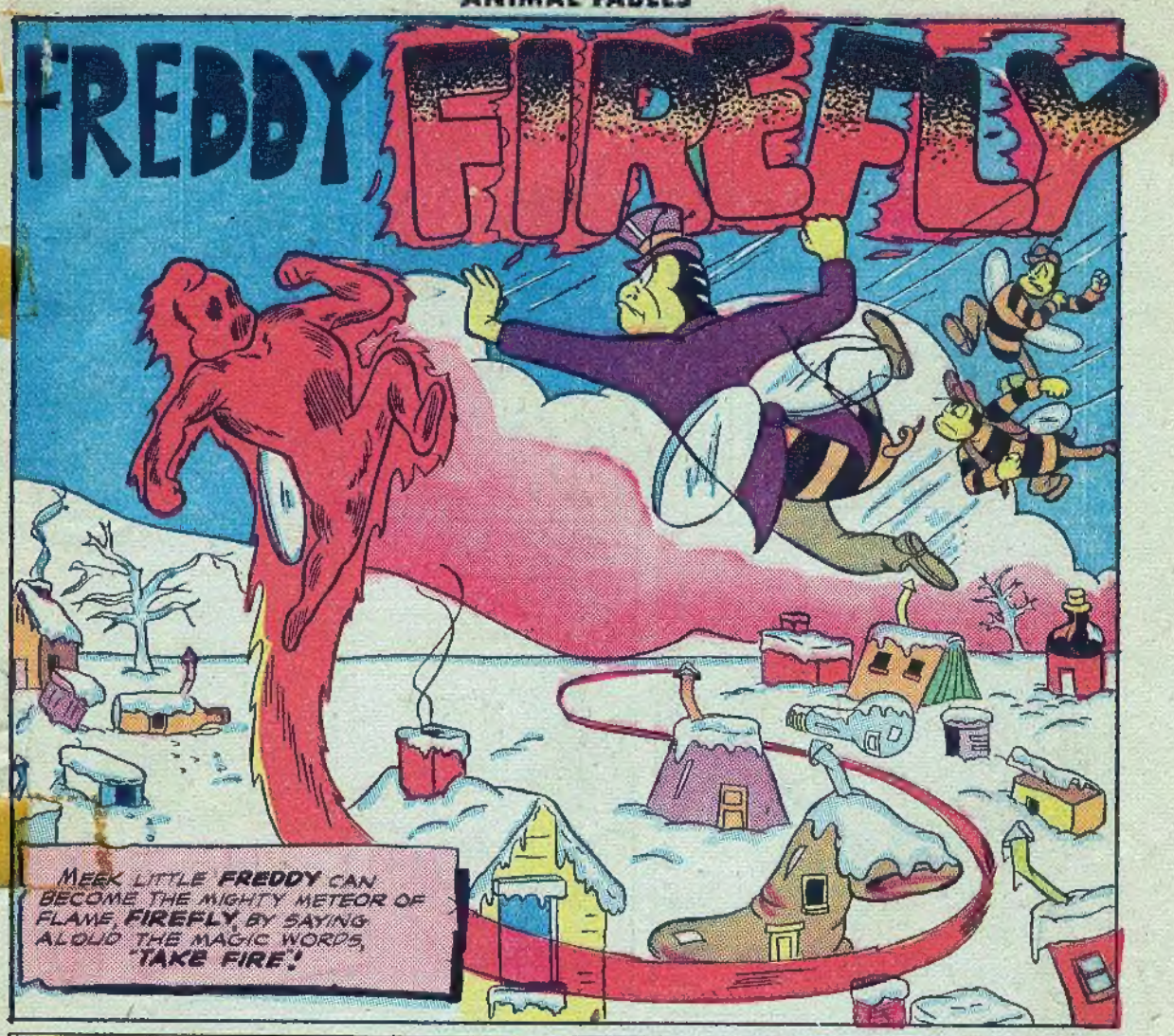
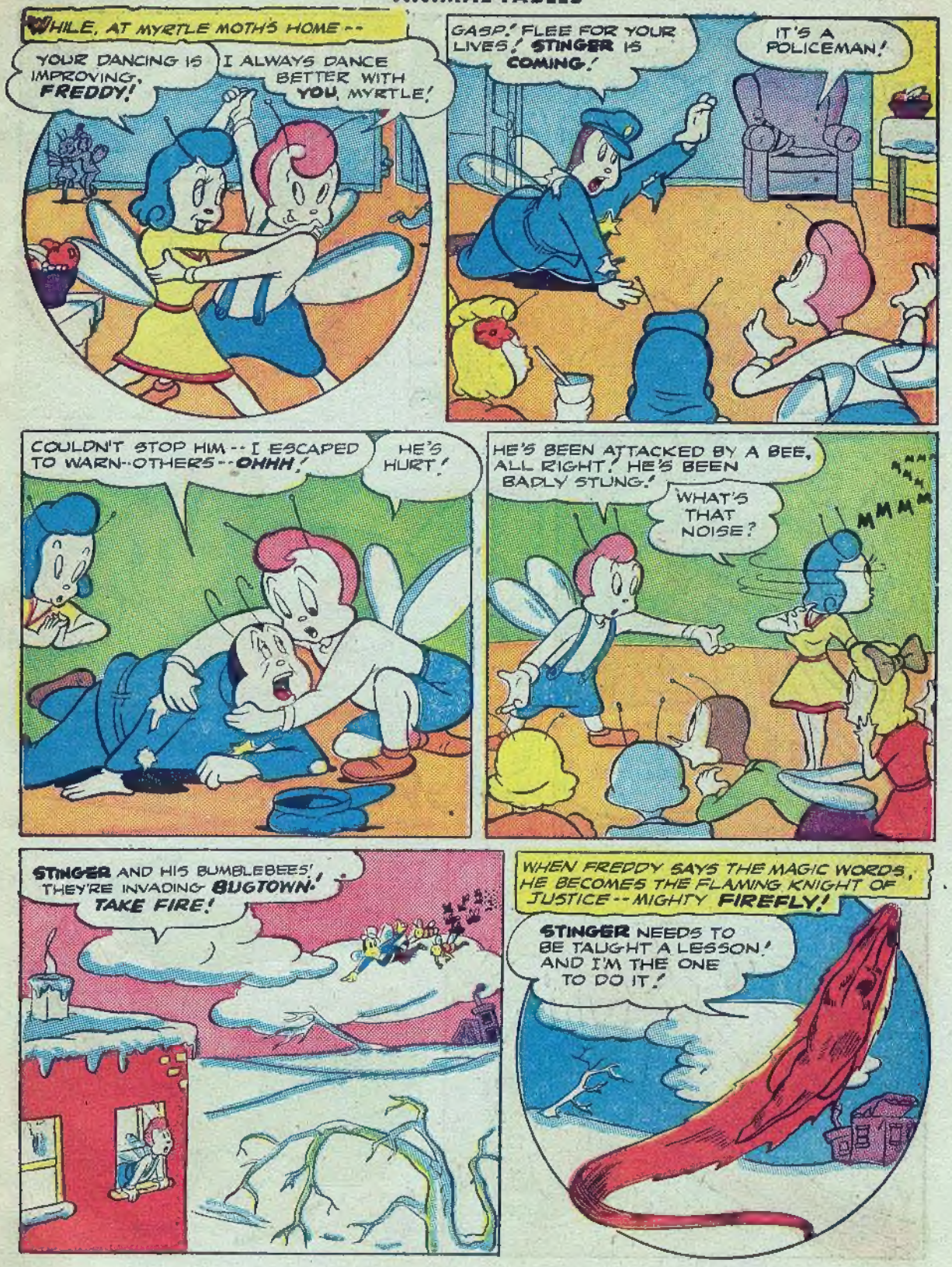
No. 3- Spring Issue 1947

FREDDY FIREFLY



THE ICY GRIP OF WINTER FINDS A CERTAIN EVIL COLONY OF BEES UNPREPARED ---
BRRR! IT'S FREEZING HERE!
WE SHOULD'VE REPAIRED THIS PLACE DURING THE SUMMER!

WHAT'S THAT?
CRACKLE!
ROAAN
THE ROOF IS FALLING! HELP!
THAT SETTLES IT! I'LL FIND A COMFORTABLE HOME FOR THE WINTER! AND I KNOW JUST THE PLACE— BUGTOWN!
WHOOSH!
WE'LL DRIVE OUT ALL THE CITIZENS SO THAT MY MEN CAN MOVE IN! FIRST WE'LL KNOCK OUT THE COPS AND THEN ..
LATER AT A BUGTOWN POLICE STATION NEAR THE CITY LIMITS ...
Z-Z-Z-! NOTHING MUCH DOING AROUND HERE! GUESS THAT RUMOR ABOUT STINGER AND HIS GANG INVADING BUGTOWN WASN'T SO, AFTER ALL!
SUDDENLY!
IT'S STINGER AND HIS GANG! OHH!
AHHHH! I'VE BEEN STUNG!
YOU WON'T SEND ANY WARNINGS! HEH! HEH!
Snap

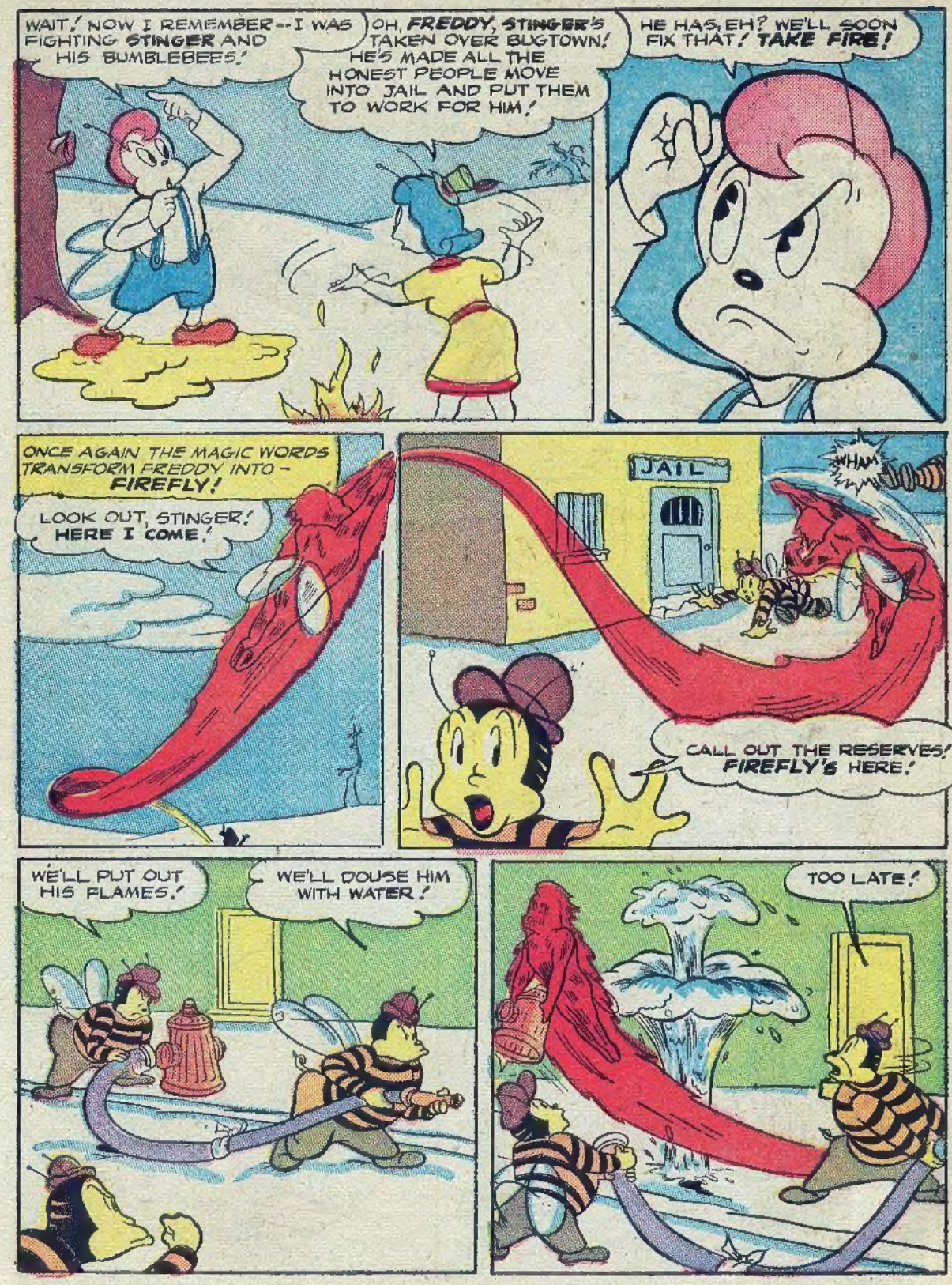

WHILE, AT MYRTLE MOTH'S HOME --
YOUR DANCING IS IMPROVING, FREDDY!
I ALWAYS DANCE BETTER WITH YOU, MYRTLE!
GASP! FLEE FOR YOUR LIVES! STINGER IS COMING!
IT'S A POLICEMAN!
COULDN'T STOP HIM -- I ESCAPED TO WARN--OTHERS--OHHH!
HE'S HURT!
HE'S BEEN ATTACKED BY A BEE, ALL RIGHT! HE'S BEEN BADLY STUNG!
WHAT'S THAT NOISE?
MMMM
STINGER AND HIS BUMBLEBEES! THEY'RE INVADING BUGTOWN! TAKE FIRE!
WHEN FREDDY SAYS THE MAGIC WORDS, HE BECOMES THE FLAMING KNIGHT OF JUSTICE -- MIGHTY FIREFLY!
STINGER NEEDS TO BE TAUGHT A LESSON! AND I'M THE ONE TO DO IT!

TAKE CARE OF HIM, MEN!
OKAY, BOSS!
BOWWW! I'M SCORCHED!
SOCK
YOU BEE-MEN DON'T FRIGHTEN ME!
THERE HE GOES! ONE DOWN...
..BUT THERE'S PLENTY MORE TO GO!
THAT &@★!? FIREFLY'S RUINING MY ARMY! I'VE GOTTA HIDE OUT!

BLAST THE LUCK! HE'S SEEN ME!
YOU WON'T GET AWAY SO EASILY, STINGER!
GET UP AND FIGHT!
THIS IS OUR ONLY CHANCE! DON'T MISS HIM!
HERE GOES!
THIS HONEY WILL PUT OUT HIS FLAMES!
GULP! SPLUTTER!
HEH! HEH!
WHEN THE HONEY FREEZES, FIREFLY WILL BE LOCKED INSIDE FOREVER!
HE WON'T BOTHER US AGAIN!

WITH FIREFLY DEFEATED, NO ONE REMAINS TO OPPOSE THE RUTHLESS STINGER AND HIS BEEMEN...
SLAP
MY TERMS ARE UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER, MR. MAYOR! ANY OBJECTIONS!
N-N-NO! I'LL AGREE TO ANYTHING! ONLY STOP THIS FIGHTING!
I ELECT MYSELF THE NEW MAYOR OF THIS TOWN! AND MY FIRST ORDER IS THAT EVERYONE BE THROWN OUT OF HIS HOUSE! MY MEN NEED A PLACE TO STAY!
B-BUT WHERE WILL THE PEOPLE LIVE?
JAIL
THEY CAN GO TO JAIL! HEH-HEH! THERE'S PLENTY OF CELLS TO LIVE IN!
SOON EVERYONE IN BUGTOWN IS PUT TO WORK FOR THE CRUEL BEE-MASTERS --
STEP ON IT! NO LOAFING -- OR YOU'LL GET TWENTY STINGS!
POOR GRANDPA! A SERVANT IN HIS OWN HOME! THAT AWFUL STINGER IS GETTING FATTER EVERY DAY!

THERE'S ONLY ONE PERSON WHO CAN HELP US—FIREFLY! THE LAST ANYONE SAW OF HIM WAS DURING THE FIGHT IN THE WOODS! SO I'LL LOOK THERE!
WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
TO MARKET! THERE'S NO FOOD IN THE HOUSE FOR YOUR DINNER! YOU'VE EATEN EVERYTHING!
STINGER BELIEVED ME! BUT HE'LL GET SUSPICIOUS IF I'M AWAY TOO LONG! OH, I HOPE I CAN FIND FIREFLY IN TIME!
AFTER A LONG SEARCH THROUGH THE WOODS....
IT'S FREDDY!
THEY KILLED FREDDY! HE'LL NEVER BECOME FIREFLY ANYMORE! (SOB)
AT LEAST I CAN (SOB) GIVE HIM A DECENT BURIAL! FIRST I'LL MELT THE HONEY OFF HIM— AND THEN ...
BUT THE WARMTH OF THE FIRE REVIVES FREDDY...
YOU'RE ALIVE!
HAVE I BEEN ASLEEP?


WAIT! NOW I REMEMBER--I WAS FIGHTING STINGER AND HIS BUMBLEBEES!
OH, FREDDY, STINGER'S TAKEN OVER BUGTOWN! HE'S MADE ALL THE HONEST PEOPLE MOVE INTO JAIL AND PUT THEM TO WORK FOR HIM!
HE HAS, EH? WE'LL SOON FIX THAT! TAKE FIRE!
ONCE AGAIN THE MAGIC WORDS TRANSFORM FREDDY INTO - FIREFLY!
LOOK OUT, STINGER! HERE I COME!
JAIL
WHAM
CALL OUT THE RESERVES! FIREFLY'S HERE!
WE'LL PUT OUT HIS FLAMES!
WE'LL DOUSE HIM WITH WATER!
TOO LATE!

THIS IS MY ONE-TWO PUNCH!
POW
WERE YOU GOING SOMEWHERE?
HELP! STINGER! HEL-L-L-P!
THAT'S ONE OF MY GUARDS! SOMETHING'S WRONG!
HEL-L-L-L-P
I'VE GOT TO GO TO THE RESCUE- OOPS! I'M STUCK!
I SHOULDN'T HAVE EATEN THAT LAST CUSTARD PIE! I'M TOO FAT TO GET THROUGH THE DOOR!
ISN'T THAT TOO BAD?
BUT DON'T WORRY! IF YOU CAN'T COME OUT, I'LL COME IN!
SOCK

DO YOU HAVE THAT COLD FEELING AT THE PIT OF YOUR STOMACH? I'LL TRY TO WARM YOU UP!
UGGHH!
STOP MAKING THOSE MUMBLING SOUNDS! SPEAK UP!
I SURRENDER!
PLEASE DON'T HIT ME ANY MORE! I'M A WICKED SINNER--BUT I REPENT! I'M THE REPENTINEST SINNER YOU EVER MET!
WILL YOU TAKE YOUR BEEMEN BACK TO WHERE THEY BELONG?
IT'S MIGHTY COLD BACK HOME! COULDN'T WE JUST MOVE INTO A NICE WARM CELL IN ONE OF YOUR JAILS?
OUR JAILS ARE TOO GOOD FOR THE LIKES OF YOU!
LATER --
I HOPE THEY'VE LEARNED THEIR LESSON!
IF NOT, FIREFLY WILL BE GLAD TO TEACH THEM AGAIN! I DON'T THINK BUGTOWN WILL BE TROUBLED BY THE BEEMEN ANY MORE
FREDDY'S PREDICTION PROVED TO BE CORRECT, BUT IT WAS A LONG, COLD WINTER FOR STINGER...
BAH! SOMEDAY I'M GONNA HAVE THIS PLACE REPAIRED! I'LL NEVER LIVE THROUGH ANOTHER C-COLD SPELL LIKE THIS ONE...
LOOK OUT! THE ROOF IS FALLING!
CRACK!
OH, WELL, ANYTHING IS BETTER THAN MEETING UP WITH FIREFLY AGAIN! COLD AS I AM, FIREFLY IS TOO HOT FOR ME!
PLOP!
The End

The hare and the tortoise

A MODERN VERSION OF THE FAMOUS AESOP FABLE

The hare is one of the fastest known animals. The tortoise is one of the slowest. One day the hare and the tortoise had a race. And this is how it came to pass ....

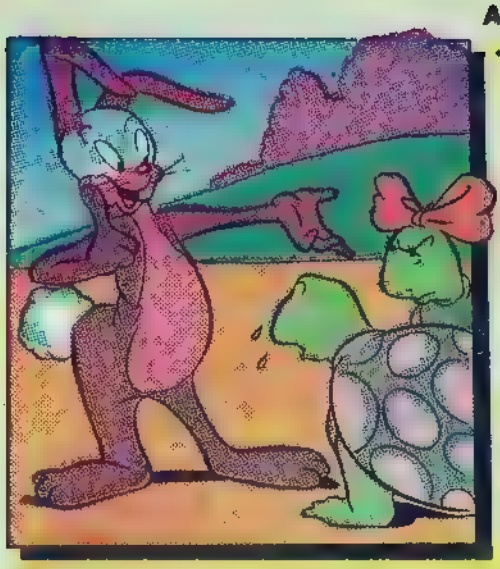
The tortoise and his girl friend were taking a walk. The tortoise wasn't hurrying because he just wasn't adapted for going any place in a hurry.

In fact, there are those who say there is very little difference between a tortoise who is walking and a tortoise who is standing still.

walking

standing still

Suddenly there was a whirring sound in the distance, a swift breeze blew past them, and who did the breeze turn out to be? None other than the tortoise's old friend ---- the hare.



"Well, well, well," said the hare, "if it isn't old pokey. What are you doing out today ... besides blocking traffic?"

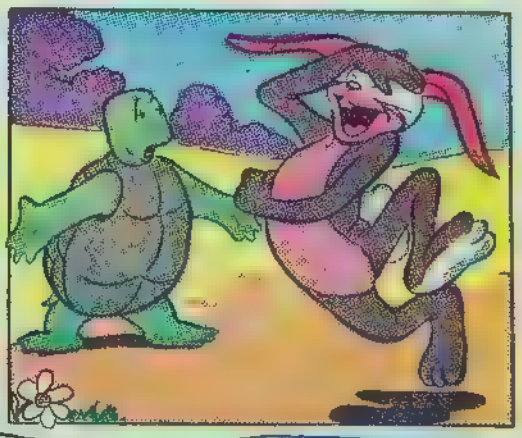
"I was taking a walk," said the tortoise.

The hare laughed, "I'll bet I could travel to China and back before you crossed the street. Why don't you stay indoors, where you won't get under feet of people like me, who are *really* going someplace!"

"You may think you are faster than I am," replied the tortoise, "but I'll bet I could beat you in a race!"

The hare laughed so hard his ears turned red. "I could carry a ten-ton anchor walking backwards, and still beat you. Why, you're so slow even the snails gallop past you and *I* am the fastest animal in the forest."

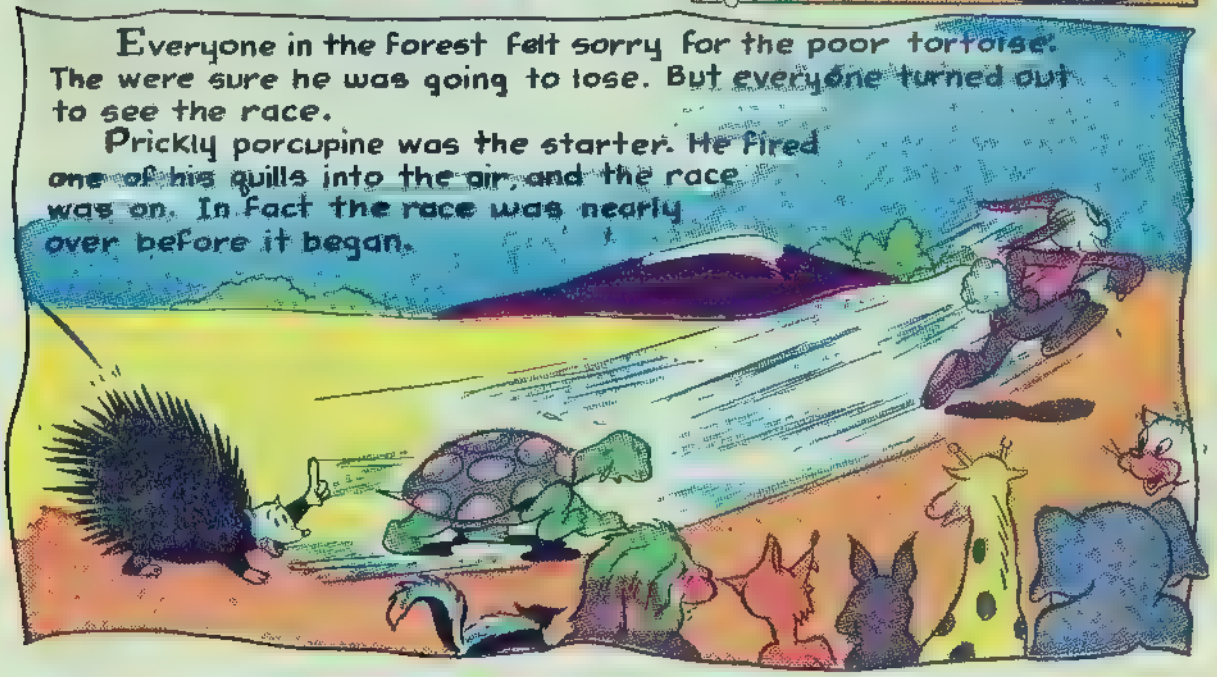
"Will you race against me"? the tortoise asked.

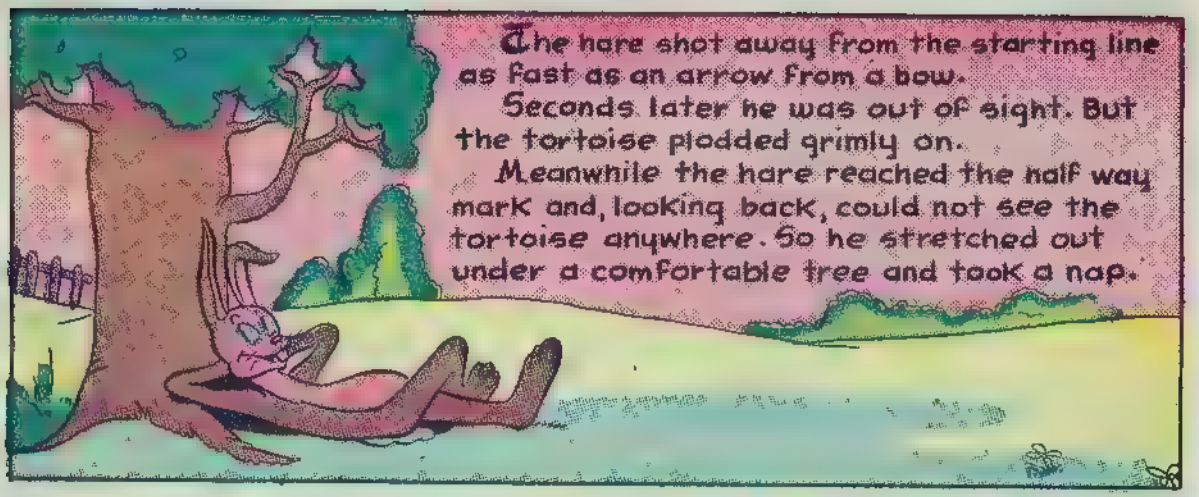


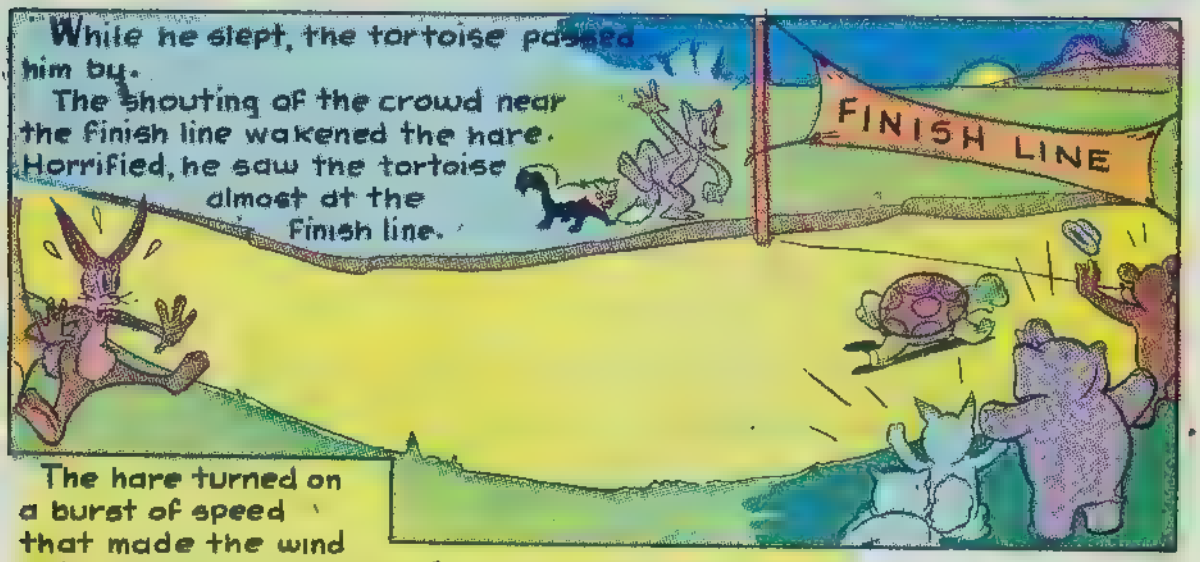
The hare agreed and so it was arranged.

Everyone in the forest felt sorry for the poor tortoise. The were sure he was going to lose. But everyone turned out to see the race.

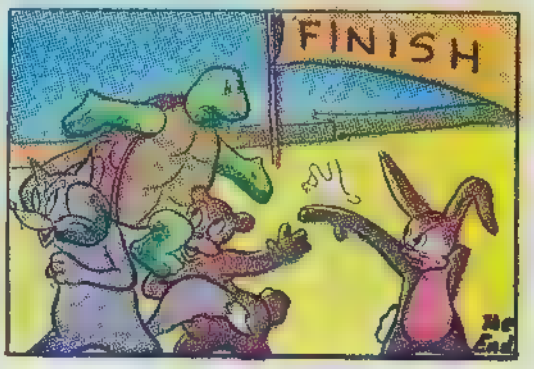
Prickly porcupine was the starter. He fired one of his quills into the air, and the race was on. In fact the race was nearly over before it began.




The hare shot away from the starting line as fast as an arrow from a bow.
Seconds later he was out of sight. But the tortoise plodded grimly on.
Meanwhile the hare reached the half way mark and, looking back, could not see the tortoise anywhere. So he stretched out under a comfortable tree and took a nap.


While he slept, the tortoise passed him by.
The shouting of the crowd near the finish line wakened the hare. Horrified, he saw the tortoise almost at the finish line.
FINISH LINE
The hare turned on a burst of speed that made the wind whistle as he went past. But he was too late. The tortoise crossed the finish line--the winner!

"Bah," said the hare to the tortoise, "you *know* I'm faster than you are."
The tortoise agreed. "*But it is not always speed that counts. Slow and steady wins the race.*"



KORKY KANGROO
OF COURSE I'M NOT AFRAID OF THE OLD WITCH, MINERVA! YOU SHOULDN'T BE AFRAID EITHER! I'LL ALWAYS PROTECT YOU!
YOU'RE WONDERFUL, HERBIE!
YOU'RE SO STRONG AND BRAVE! I'M NOT WORRIED A BIT WHEN I'M WITH YOU!
IT'S THE OLD WITCH! RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!
HELP! SHE'S COMING AFTER ME!
OOOPS!
I'M DOOMED!

HAW-HAW-HA-HAW- YOU SURE LOOKED SILLY!
I NEVER SAW ANYBODY SO SCARED! AND YOU'RE THE ONE WHO WASN'T AFRAID OF THE OLD WITCH! HAW-HAW!
GOSH! MINERVA THINKS I'M A COWARD! THIS IS ALL KORKY'S FAULT!
I'M NOT AFRAID OF THE OLD WITCH! AND I'LL PROVE IT! I'LL VISIT HER CAVE TONIGHT!
YOU WOULDN'T DARE!
THE OLD WITCH WOULD CHANGE YOU INTO A FAT TURKEY AND EAT YOU ALIVE!
GULP!
HE'S RIGHT! EVERYONE TELLS HORRIBLE STORIES ABOUT THE OLD WITCH! YOU MUSTN'T GO, HERBIE!
I'M GOING JUST THE SAME!
IT'S TOO LATE FOR ME TO BACK OUT! MINERVA WOULD ALWAYS THINK I WAS A COWARD IF I DIDN'T GO!

NOW SEE WHAT YOU'VE DONE! YOU SENT HERBIE TO HIS DOOM! WE'LL NEVER SEE HIM AGAIN!
OR IF WE DO SEE HIM, WE MAY NOT RECOGNIZE HIM! THE OLD WITCH MAY TURN HIM INTO A ROCK, OR A FLOWER OR ANY OLD KIND OF ANIMAL!
YOU'RE PRACTICALLY A MURDERER! YOUR CONSCIENCE WILL TROUBLE YOU THIS THANKSGIVING!
GULP! SHE'S RIGHT!
I'M JUST PLAIN NO GOOD! BUT HOW DID I KNOW HERBIE ACTUALLY WOULD GO TO SEE THE OLD WITCH? YUM-YUM! I SMELL SOMETHING GOOD!
IS THAT OUR THANKSGIVING TURKEY, MOTHER?
SCAT! DON'T COME BACK UNTIL DINNER IS READY--OR THE OLD WITCH WILL GET YOU!
IS THE OLD WITCH REALLY AS BAD AS THEY SAY?
HOW SHOULD I KNOW? NOBODY'S EVEN SEEN HER IN ALMOST TWENTY YEARS!
BUT IF YOU'VE BEEN A BAD BOY SHE'LL GET YOU SOONER OR LATER! YOU CAN BE SURE OF THAT!
ULP!

IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO HERBIE, I'LL BE TO BLAME! THE OLD WITCH WILL HEAR THAT I'M A BAD BOY- AND SHE'LL BE AFTER ME TOO!
I'VE GOTTA STOP HERBIE! HE'S GOT NO RIGHT TO GET ME INTO TROUBLE!
MEANWHILE-
GEE, IT'S AWFULLY DARK INSIDE! WHAT'S THAT KNOCKING NOISE I HEAR?
OLD WITCH'S CAVE
OH, IT'S MY KNEES! I'M NOT SCARED... BUT I GUESS MY LEGS AREN'T AS BRAVE AS I AM! THEY WANT TO GO HOME!
KNOCK
KNOCK!
KNOCK!
OH, WELL, IT'S SILLY TO STAND HERE ARGUIN' WITH THEM! I'LL DO JUST AS THEY SAY! HOME, HERE I COME!
OH! OH! HERE COMES KORKY!
IF I TURN BACK, HE'LL TELL MINERVA!
HERBIE! WAIT A MINUTE! I WANT TO TALK TO YOU!
NO--I'M GOING IN!

TOO LATE! HERBIE'S GONE! (GROAN!) HE'S AS GOOD AS DEAD OR MAYBE BETTER!
I HEAR SOMEONE! WHO DARES ENTER MY CAVE?
DON'T RUN AWAY! YOU CAN'T ESCAPE FROM THE OLD WITCH!
WHY, IT'S JUST A YOUNG 'UN!
PLEASE DON'T HURT ME!
DON'T BE SILLY! YOU'RE THE FIRST VISITOR I'VE HAD IN TWENTY YEARS! WHY SHOULD I HURT YOU?
YOU'RE JUST IN TIME FOR DINNER! A TURKEY-- COOKED WITH SPECIAL HERBS THAT ONLY I KNOW ABOUT!
G-GOSH! YOU'RE NOT AS TERRIBLE AS EVERYBODY SAYS!
CROAK!
COURSE I'M NOT! I MADE UP THOSE STORIES ABOUT MYSELF TO DISCOURAGE VISITORS! BUT TODAY IS DIFFERENT! IT'S THANKSGIVING!
YUM! THIS SMELLS AWFUL GOOD!
CROAK! CROAK!

HERBIE WAS THE (SOB) BEST FRIEND I EVER HAD! THE OLD WITCH PROBABLY ATE HIM ALIVE--OR CHANGED HIM INTO A MONSTER!
HERBIE!
SPEAK TO ME, HERBIE! SAY YOU FORGIVE ME! I HAD NO IDEA THIS WOULD HAPPEN TO YOU!
CROAK!
I'LL MAKE IT UP TO YOU, HERBIE--SOMEWAY! I'LL GIVE YOU A GOOD HOME! I'LL NEVER SPEAK AN UNKIND WORD TO YOU AGAIN!
SIGHH! WE'LL BE JUST AS GOOD FRIENDS AS WE EVER WERE--EVEN THOUGH YOU ARE A FROG!
GATER
THAT WAS A DELICIOUS TURKEY, MOTHER! I WISH I HAD MORE!
KORKY! YOU HAVEN'T EATEN A MORSEL OF FOOD! DON'T YOU FEEL WELL?
I-I'M NOT HUNGRY! DAD CAN HAVE MY SHARE OF THE TURKEY! I'M GOING FOR A WALK!

COME ON, HERBIE, YOU AND I WILL GO OUT FOR A WALK!
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH KORKY? THIS NEVER HAPPENED BEFORE!
I KEPT THINKING HOW MUCH YOU ENJOYED EATING TURKEY ON THANKSGIVING DAY--- BACK IN THE DAYS WHEN YOU WEREN'T A FROG!
CROAK!
HELLO, KORKY!
HUH? I MUST BE HEARING THINGS!
DID YOU JUST SAY "HELLO, KORKY?"
OF COURSE HE DIDN'T! I DID!
HERBIE... IT'S REALLY YOU!
SURE IT'S ME! I JUST CAME BACK FROM THE OLD WITCH'S CAVE!
YOU MEAN SHE DIDN'T TURN YOU INTO A FROG?
SHE GAVE ME THE BEST THANKSGIVING DINNER I'VE EVER HAD! I PROMISED TO VISIT HER AGAIN, SOMETIME!
WHAT A TURKEY! MMMM!
TURKEY! OHHH!
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH KORKY?
MAYBE HE'S HAD TOO MUCH THANKSGIVING TURKEY!
TO THINK I GAVE MY TURKEY DINNER AWAY! NOW I'LL HAVE TO WAIT TILL NEXT YEAR! WOE IS ME!

The Frog and the Ox

A modern version of the famous Aesop fable

In a certain swampy region [illegible]. When he finished eating the [illegible] grass the ox moved on. And [illegible] he set one ponderous hoof down [illegible] group of young frogs. He almost frightened the young frogs to death. None of the frogs ever had seen anything quite so big as that ox.

[illegible] frightened one of the young frogs asked [illegible] "Nonsense" replied the old frog who. like most parents resented having his children think anyone was greater than he. "I wouldn't be frightened. I would merely puff myself up until I was bigger than any beast."

"But you couldn't do that."

"Why not?"

"Because you never could be as big as the four-footed beast we saw," answered the young frog.

"Was he as big as *this?*" Asked the old frog ... and he puffed himself up like a balloon.

Much bigger, croaked the young frog.

Well was it **so** big, asked the old frog.

The old frog took a deep deep breath and puffed out to a really alarming degree.

Even bigger than that, said the young frog. Then because he was beginning to worry -- the young frog added, "If you were to blow up big enough to burst, you never could be half as big! Please don't try, father."

Instead of discouraging the old frog, this only made him more determined. He puffed himself up... and up... and up...

"Was he as big as this?" He started to ask.

But he never finished. Because in the middle of the question, the old frog burst!

BANG

What is the moral? Simply that no one should pretend to be greater than he really is.

Spots Before His Eyes

PETER POLECAT was the smartest criminal in the whole world, or so he thought. There was only one person he feared, and that was Detective Samuel Skunk, Esq. Peter Polecat had been a professional crook for twenty years, and it was his boast that he had never left behind a clue to his identity on the scene of any of his crimes.

In fact, before Peter Polecat tried to pull off a crime, his plans were already so perfect that they eliminated the possibility of failure. He was a thorough workman. He had the pride of the true craftsman. There was only one drawback to Peter Polecat's profession. His talents, of necessity, had to remain anonymous.

The reason for this is clear enough. If you build a good house, you can show it with pride. If you write a good book or paint a beautiful picture, you can sign your name to it. But the essence of Peter Polecat's success consisted in the fact that no one knew him to be the perpetrator of his criminal masterpieces. No one knew, but at least one person suspected. This was Detective Samuel Skunk, Esq.

In his own way, Samuel Skunk was as much of an expert as was Peter Polecat, although their paths of endeavor necessarily diverged.

Samuel Skunk had been a detective for more years than he cared to remember. More than any other policeman, he had kept the jails of the city well populated. No crook escaped him. Sometimes the chase was hard and long, but the end was always the same. Samuel Skunk emerged triumphant, and another crook who thought he could beat the law mused sadly about the error of his ways as he sat behind prison bars.

This story deals with the meeting of Peter Polecat and Samuel Skunk, Esq., on a certain dark summer evening near the home of Gloria de Grouse, the famous society debutante. Peter Polecat had been watching the de Grause estate for many days. He knew every door and window of the mansion better than the architect who built it. He could find his way blindfolded around the grounds that bordered the estate. He knew the watchdog's favorite cut of sirloin steak. He knew the maid's night out, and the hours when the butler would be in the pantry.

With his master plan of operation in mind, Peter Polecat knew that he had eliminated the possibility of failure. That was the test he applied to every job he went out on. Now as he approached the window, he grinned smugly to himself. Fixing a piece of tape over the window pane to deaden the sound, he lightly tapped out the pane of glass. Then he reached inside to where he knew the burglar alarm was, and neatly clipped the wire. Only then did he stretch out his hand to unfasten the latch.

Quietly he slipped into the room. It was dark, and Peter Polecat could not risk lighting a match. But there was no need for light. He had studied the room until he knew the exact location of every piece of furniture.

Now he walked confidently toward the door that opened into the corridor. Forty-five paces further down the corridor was the entrance to the bedroom of young master Billy de Grouse.

Master Billy was asleep.

Placing one hand over Master Billy's mouth to stifle any possible outcries he might make, Peter Polecat reached with his other hand beneath the covers to lift the youngster out of bed. As he did so, it seemed to Peter Polecat that little Billy's body was uncommonly warm. Billy was perspiring freely.

"It must," Peter Polecat thought, "be the heavy blankets. Strange that he should be sleeping under such heavy blankets on a very warm night like this one!"

But there was scarcely time for any food for thought as Peter Polecat carried his young victim swiftly across the lawn. In a moment te had vanished into the darkness.

* * * * *

THE NEXT day Peter Polecat had a visitor. It was the last person in the world he wanted to see. In fact, when he opened the door and

saw Samuel Skunk, Esq., standing there, Peter Polecat fought down an almost uncontrollable impulse to flee. He swallowed.

"Why, how do you do?" said Peter. "To what do I owe this visit?"

"Just making a routine checkup," answered Samuel Skunk. "I'd like to know what you were doing last night."

"Why, uh, nothing in particular," Peter Polecat replied. His thoughts flashed quickly to the cellar room beneath the trapdoor where young Billy de Grouse was hidden. But there was no need to be afraid. Samuel Skunk could not possibly know that he had anything to do with the kidnapping.

"Did you go out for a walk last night?" Samuel Skunk inquired, as he casually drew a nail file from his pockets and started to file his nails.

"I might have," Peter Polecat replied cautiously, feeling his way. After all, even as smart a criminal as he could not be entirely sure of his ground when confronted with a master detective.

As Peter Polecat sat down with an assumed air of nonchalance and crossed his legs, he was startled to hear Samuel Skunk snap:

"I see that you have a thumb-tack in your left shoe!"

Peter Polecat gulped. "Well, what about it?"

Samuel Skunk held out a plaster cast. "It exactly matches this imprint of a shoe that I found near the de Grouse estate. Do you deny that you kidnapped young Billy de Grouse from his home last night?"

"It's a lie!" cried Peter Polecat, jumping up from his chair. "Suppose I was walking near the de Grouse estate? That isn't a crime, is it? There's no way you can connect me with the kidnapping! I wasn't even inside the house!"

"I'm not trying to connect you with it," said Samuel Skunk. "I came here as your friend. You see, Billy de Grouse is suffering from a rare kind of spotted fever, which is usually fatal unless it gets medical attention within twenty-four hours. Whoever did kidnap him is certain to have caught the fever, since it is highly contagious."

Samuel Skunk glanced at his watch. "It lacks just half an hour of the twenty-four-hour period. Too bad. I'm afraid the kidnapper has signed his own death warrant."

Peter Polecat choked. He saw Samuel Skunk to the door on trembling knees. Scarcely had the door closed behind him when Peter Polecat rushed to his own room and peered at his reflection in the mirror. It was true! Horribly, horribly true!

Those red spots on his face could mean only one thing—he had caught the spotted fever!

* * * * *

SAMUEL SKUNK looked at Peter Polecat with well-simulated surprise when, panting with exhaustion, Peter caught up with him on the road.

"Save me!" cried Peter. "I'm guilty! Only don't let me die!"

"Hmmmm," said Samuel Skunk. "The evidence of your crime is beginning to show on your face. Where have you hidden the youngster?"

In a short while Billy de Grouse was safe at home once more with his parents. And Peter Polecat, for the first time in his long and nefarious career, was safely in the hands of the police. It was not until one week later, convalescing in the prison hospital, that Peter Polecat discovered the trick that Samuel Skunk had played upon him.

"Am I going to die, doctor?" he asked, finally summoning up the courage to put his fear into words.

"Die?" repeated the doctor. "Don't be silly. I've never lost a patient yet from chicken pox!"

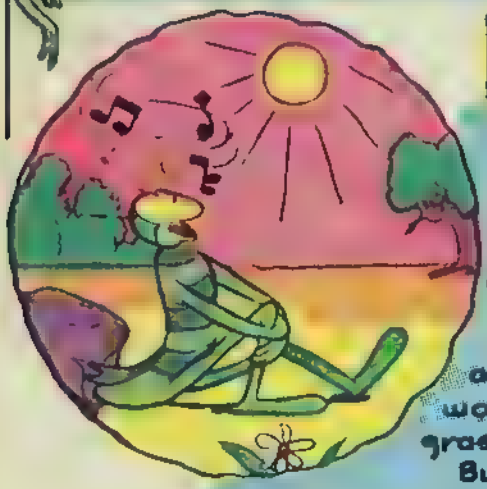
"Chicken pox?" Peter Polecat repeated incredulously. "You—you mean I haven't got spotted fever?"

The doctor chuckled. "All you've got is twenty years—at hard labor. And don't worry—we'll see to it that you live to serve every year of your sentence!"

THE END

The ANT and the GRASSHOPPER

A Modern Version of the Famous Aesop Fable



Once upon a time there was a lazy grasshopper.

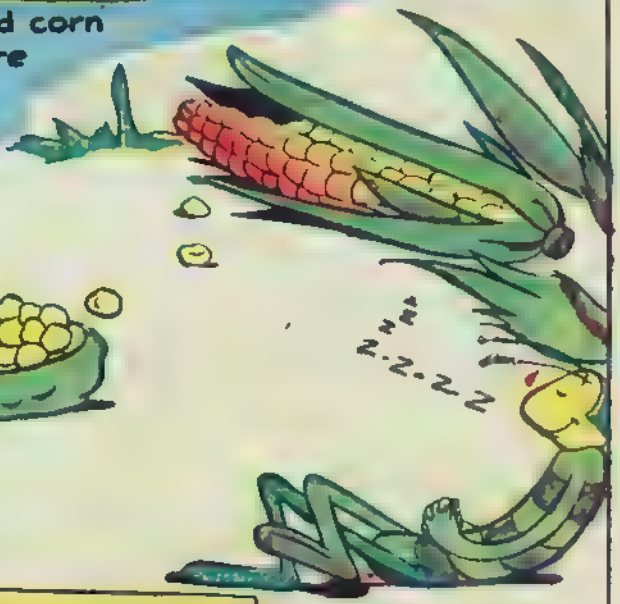
He liked nothing better than to sit in the sun, and sing. To his friend, the ant, he often explained his philosophy of life, which could be summed up in two words: Don't work!

You never saw anyone who didn't work as hard as that grasshopper didn't work.

But he acquired a nice tan from sitting in the sun, and some people said that he cultivated a pleasing voice.

Now we come to the ant.

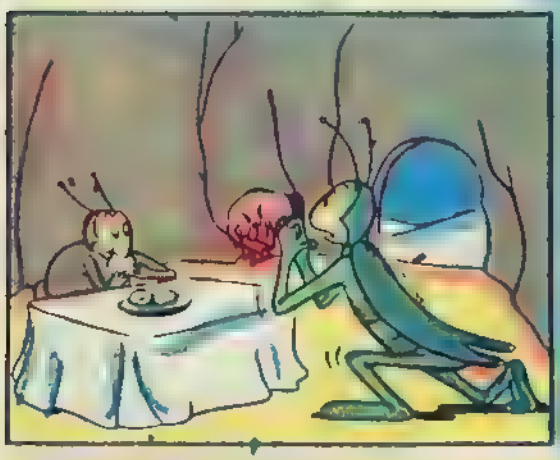
All summer long the ant carried corn to his little cave and left it there to dry. He worked very hard. He didn't have time to cultivate a pleasing voice like his friend, the lazy grasshopper.



But he saved a lot of corn.

When winter came and snow covered the ground, the grasshopper hopped desolately from place to place, looking for a morsel to eat. The sun sparkled frostily in the sky. The grasshopper was cold and hungry.

The grasshopper didn't sing because in this world of cold and snow, there seemed very little to sing about.



At last he came to the Ant's little cave. He found the ant snug and warm inside, nibbling on a piece of dried corn.

"Please", the grasshopper chirped, "give me a little to eat. I'm hungry. It's a terrible winter outside."

"What were you doing all summer?" the ant inquired.

"Why, I was sitting in the sun and singing. Everybody knows that."

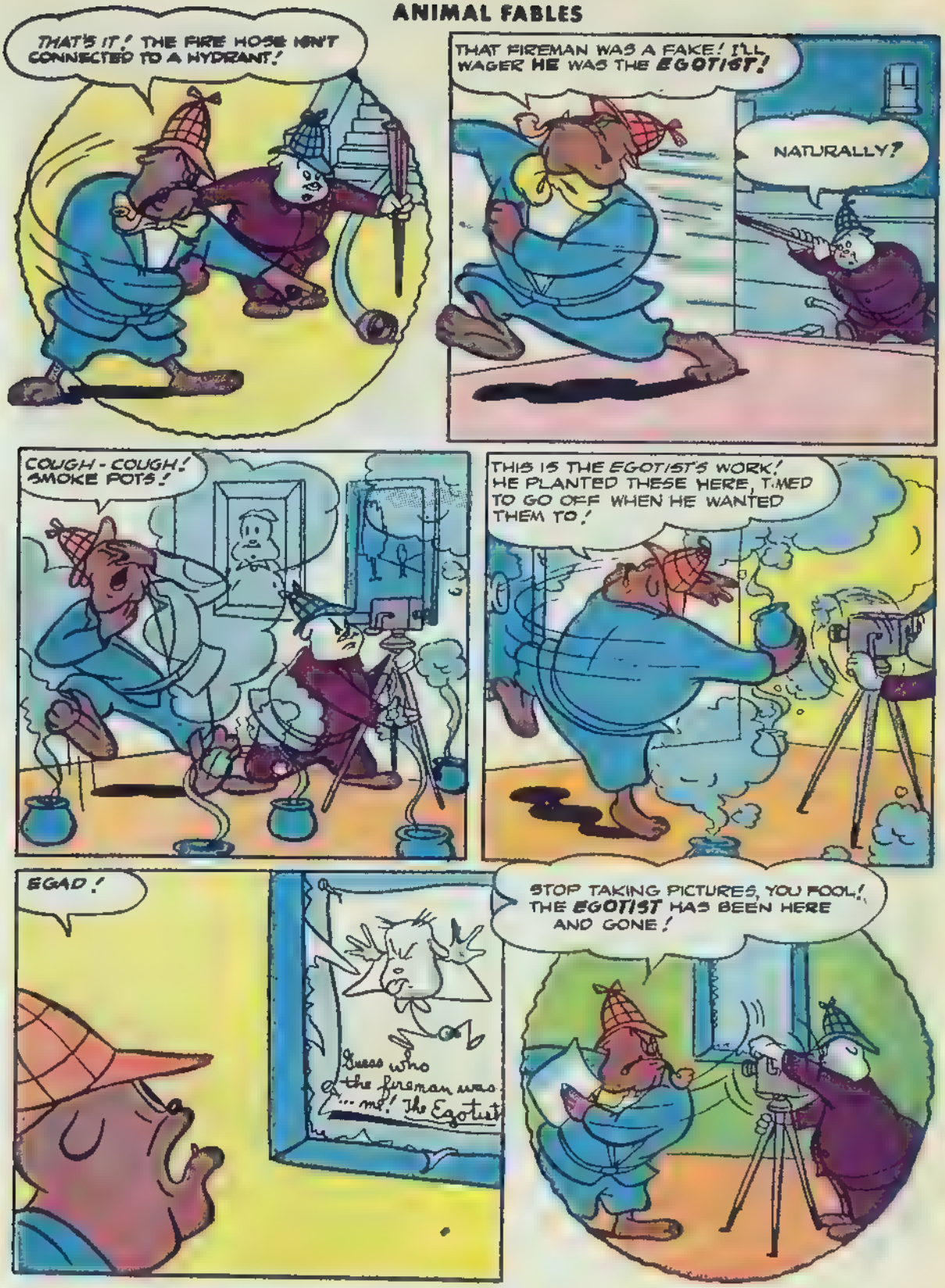
"Ah, yes, I remember", the ant said. "You might as well look somewhere else. I've no food for you. If you can sing all summer when there's work to be done, then *you must learn to dance all winter.*"

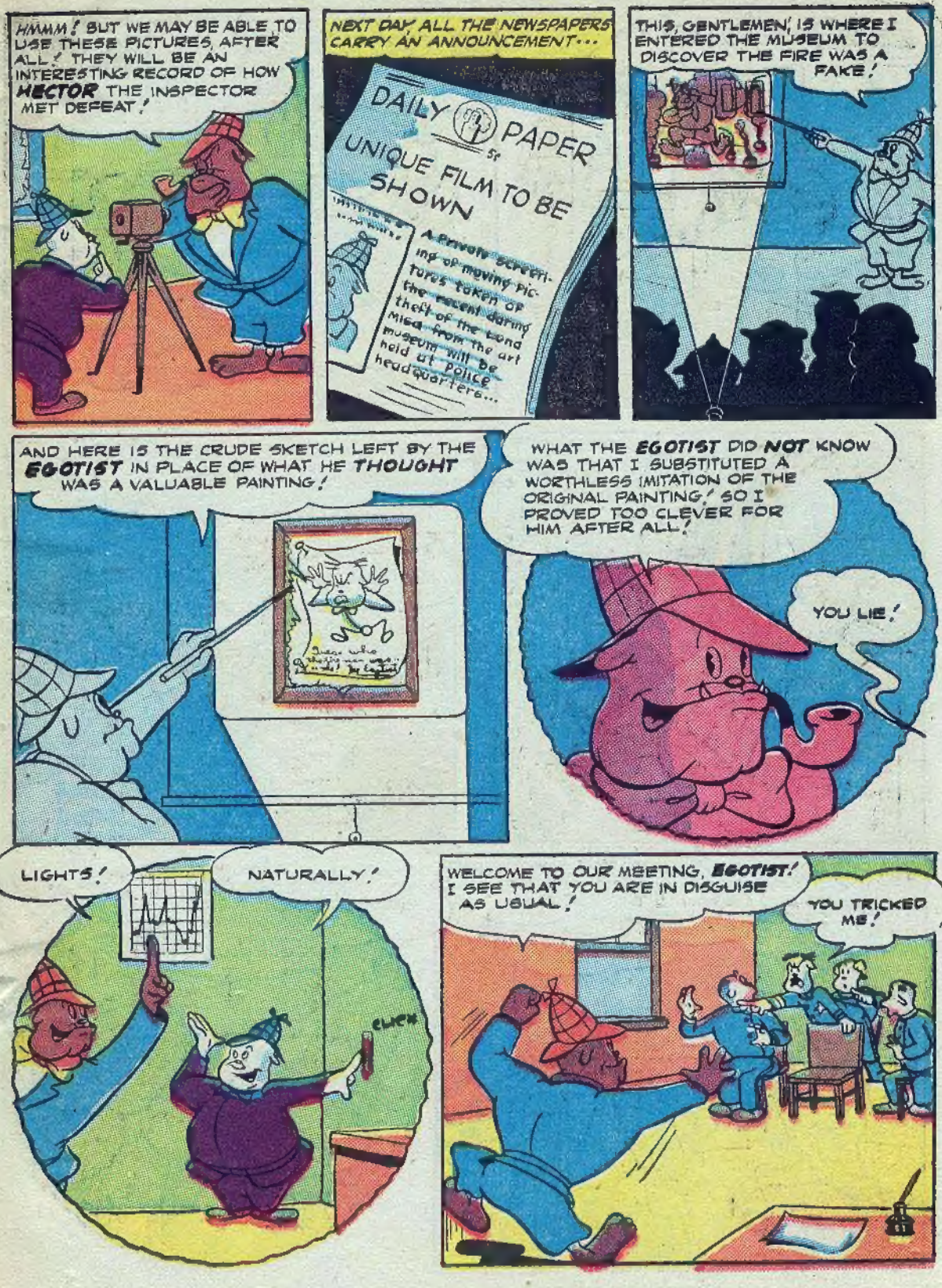
The End

HECTOR
the INSPECTOR
IT'S A FINE DAY, NATURALLY! DON'T YOU AGREE?
NATURALLY!
THERE ISN'T AN UNSOLVED CASE ON THE CALENDAR! I'VE SOLVED THEM ALL, HAVEN'T I?
NATURALLY!
Guess who did it -- me! Who am I? Just the world's smartest Crook That's all!
Ha! Ha! Ha!
EGAD! SOMEBODY'S ROBBED MY SAFE!
WHAT THIEF WOULD DARE ENTER POLICE HEADQUARTERS AND ROB HECTOR, THE INSPECTOR! NO ONE BUT THE EGOTIST!
NATURALLY!
HE MUST HAVE ESCAPED FROM PRISON AGAIN! BUT THIS TIME HE'S GONE TOO FAR! HE'S MADE ME ANGRY!
NATURALLY!
Guess who did it am the smartest

THE EGOTIST IS THE WORLD'S MOST CONCEITED CROOK!
NATURALLY!
EGAD! WHAT'S THIS?
THIS ISN'T THE PICTURE OF THE EGOTIST THAT WE HAD ON FILE! IT'S A NEW ONE!
HE SUBSTITUTED IT! HE EVEN LEFT A NOTE: "I THOUGHT THIS WAS A MUCH BETTER LIKENESS OF ME! YOU CAN HAVE IT FREE OF CHARGE!"
THE NOTE IS SIGNED, THE "EGOTIST!"
NATURALLY!
SO HE DEFIES ME! WE MUST FIND OUT WHAT THIS CONCEITED CRIMINAL INTENDS TO DO NEXT!
EXTRY
EXTRY
CRIME EGOTIST ANNOUNCES HE WILL ROB ART MUSEUM OF FAMED LONA MISA PORTRAIT! READ ALL ABOUT IT! EXTRY!
EGAD!

LATER, AT THE ART MUSEUM...
I'VE PLACED GUARDS AT EVERY DOOR AND WINDOW! THE EGOTIST WILL NEVER GET INSIDE! IS THE CAMERA READY?
NATURALLY!
WHEN THE EGOTIST APPEARS, I WANT YOU TO TAKE PICTURES OF HIS CAPTURE! THEY'LL BE SHOWN ON EVERY MOVIE SCREEN IN AMERICA!
NATURALLY!
EVERYONE WILL SHOUT THE PRAISES OF HECTOR THE INSPECTOR! AND WHY NOT? AFTER ALL, I'M THE WORLD'S GREATEST DETEC... ..SNIFF..SNIFF..
MUSEJM
SMOKE! IT'S COMING FROM THE MUSEJM!
WHERE THERE'S SMOKE, THERE'S FIRE!
CLANG
NATURALLY!
AND WHERE THERE'S A FIRE, THERE'S A FIREMAN! OUT OF MY WAY!
YOU KNOW, SOMETHING WAS PECULIAR ABOUT THAT FIREMAN!


THAT'S IT! THE FIRE HOSE ISN'T CONNECTED TO A HYDRANT!
THAT FIREMAN WAS A FAKE! I'LL WAGER HE WAS THE EGOTIST!
NATURALLY?
COUGH - COUGH! SMOKE POTS!
THIS IS THE EGOTIST'S WORK! HE PLANTED THESE HERE, TIMED TO GO OFF WHEN HE WANTED THEM TO!
EGAD!
Guess who the fireman was ... me! The Egotist
STOP TAKING PICTURES, YOU FOOL! THE EGOTIST HAS BEEN HERE AND GONE!


HMMM! BUT WE MAY BE ABLE TO USE THESE PICTURES, AFTER ALL! THEY WILL BE AN INTERESTING RECORD OF HOW HECTOR THE INSPECTOR MET DEFEAT!
NEXT DAY, ALL THE NEWSPAPERS CARRY AN ANNOUNCEMENT...
DAILY PAPER
5¢
UNIQUE FILM TO BE SHOWN
A private screening of moving pictures taken of the recent daring theft of the famous missing from the art museum will be held at police headquarters...
THIS, GENTLEMEN, IS WHERE I ENTERED THE MUSEUM TO DISCOVER THE FIRE WAS A FAKE!
AND HERE IS THE CRUDE SKETCH LEFT BY THE EGOTIST IN PLACE OF WHAT HE THOUGHT WAS A VALUABLE PAINTING!
WHAT THE EGOTIST DID NOT KNOW WAS THAT I SUBSTITUTED A WORTHLESS IMITATION OF THE ORIGINAL PAINTING! SO I PROVED TOO CLEVER FOR HIM AFTER ALL!
YOU LIE!
LIGHTS!
NATURALLY!
CLICK
WELCOME TO OUR MEETING, EGOTIST! I SEE THAT YOU ARE IN DISGUISE AS USUAL!
YOU TRICKED ME!

BUT NO ONE IS CLEVER ENOUGH TO CATCH ME!
I TOOK THE PRECAUTION OF PLACING AN IRON SHIELD OVER THIS WINDOW! THIS SWITCH RELEASES IT!
CLICK!
BAM
I KNEW THE CONCEIT OF THE EGOTIST WOULD NOT LET HIM MISS SEEING THE MOTION PICTURES OF HIS GREATEST COUP! THAT'S WHY I ANNOUNCED THIS PRIVATE SHOWING ...
NATURALLY!
MY MASTER STROKE WAS IN NOT REVEALING THAT HE HAD ONLY STOLEN AN IMITATION UNTIL THE PYSCHOLOGICAL MOMENT! THE SURPRISE MADE HIM REVEAL HIS PRESENCE TO ME ...
NATURALLY!
THIS JUST GOES TO PROVE THAT YOU ARE THE WORLD'S GREATEST DETECTIVE! DON'T YOU AGREE?
NATURALLY!

NOW AVAILABLE!

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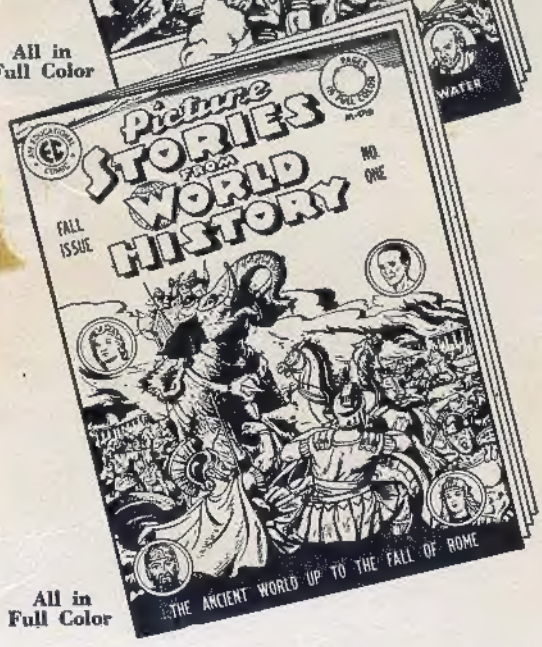

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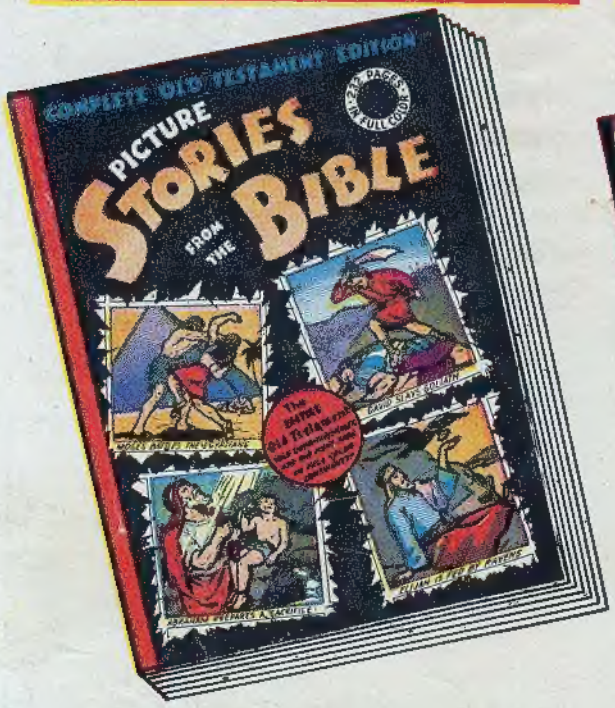

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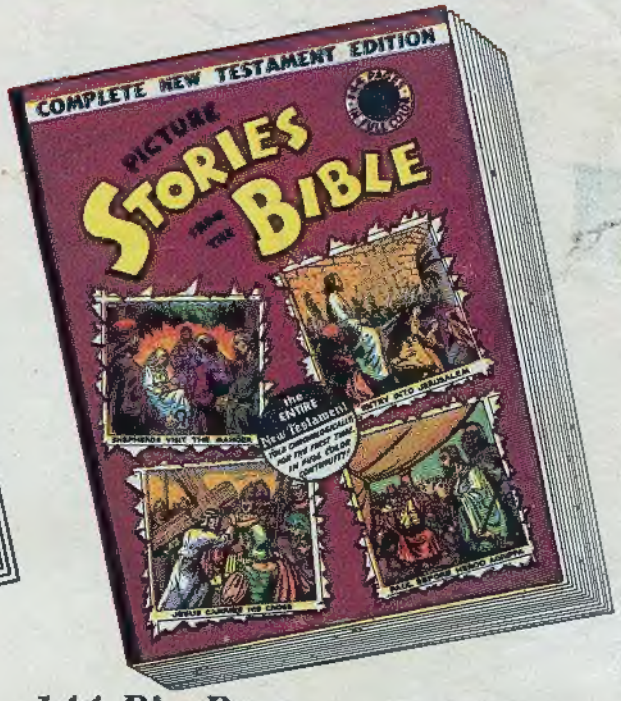

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